

THE BOOKKEEPER'S LAMENT.

BY ARTHUR J. LAMB.

With fingers weary and worn,
With figures a-crawling on his mind,
A bookkeeper sat on a rickety stool
Trying his balance to find.

All figures seem like words,
And words like figures seem,
Till over the figures he falls asleep,
And adds them up in a dream.

"Via O! for the heathen Chinese!
And O! for the ignorant Turk!
A bookkeeper never has a soul to save,
For on Sunday he must work."

Work! work! work!
Till the night is lost in morn!
Till worn and tired the bookkeeper creeps
Beneath the desk where he always sleeps,
And dreams of a balance ribbon.

—Chicago Liberator.

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

"A! Pa!"

Bob Miller, a bright, vivacious boy of thirteen, burst excitedly into the cosy little room where his father was engaged in writing.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked the gentleman, looking up.

"You know where the river is?"

"Of course."

"Well, down where the mill-dam used to be—don't you know?"

"Yes, yes."

"There's a man there."

"Well?"

"An awful big man."

"What of it?"

"Well, he took away my six fishes, so he did."

"What for?"

"'Cause he's mean. He said he was a starvin', but he ain't, 'cause he's real fat. He's a cookin' 'em there, now."

"What did you say?"

"What did I say? I told him that maybe he didn't know who my father was. He allowed that he didn't, and says I, 'My father's George Miller, an' he's a theatrical agent as makes dates an' papers houses, an' he'll just exactly amble down here an' paste you, if yer don't give me my fish, so he will!'"

"What did he say to that?"

"He said—he did, pa, I'll cross my heart on it—he said that he wanted you to come, an' that he'd make you dizzier'n your old show. Hurry, pa, or he'll be gone. He's got a hile on the back of his neck. A lick there'll count double."

"Go and lick him yourself, Bob. I ain't."

"You don't mean that you ain't goin'?"

"Certainly I mean it. Do you take me for a prize fighter?"

"But, pa, I told the man you was a comin'."

"Well?"

"An' if you don't go, he'll be awfully disappointed."

Despite the vexation that the interruption had caused him, the father laughed heartily.

"I'm sorry to disappoint the gentleman, Bob," said he, "but I can't go to-day."

"Then I'll get even with him myself."

"All right."

"I'll need a quarter, though, pa."

"Well, take it, and be off."

"An' an order for the worth of it in the cheapest whisky the old man Bear's got."

"What?"

"I ain't goin' to drink it, pa. It's part of my scheme. It's a dandy, pa, an' it'll be pretty odd if I don't get even with his jaw-bones!"

With a great show of reluctance, but secretly pleased at the pluck and mysterious scheming of his son, whom he had not seen for three months until the preceding day, the theatrical agent complied, and from the windows watched the irrepressible Bob as he dashed away towards the principal street of the village.

The boy lost no time in securing a pint of the vilest whisky imaginable.

Then he hurried off towards the river.

He had not proceeded far when he heard a most piteous wailing, and a

"BROTHER IF NOT POETIC JUSTICE."

can tell you where pa lives—best and greatest man in town."

"Bring it on."

"Not until the neutrality is disarmed. I'm afraid you'll larn up me afore you taste the stuff."

Bob now took an apple from his pocket, which he punctured several times with a nail. Then he poured over it a little of the contents of the bottle and tossed it toward the whip-merchant.

The man began by smelling the fruit, and ended in devouring it eagerly.

Five minutes later Bob had joined his band, and all were watching the trampish individual, as with every outward manifestation of pleasure he sat sipping the contents of the bottle.

After it was finished he rolled over and fell asleep.

"Forward!" whispered Bob, and the forms of the avengers were creeping stealthily along.

The bundle of whips was secured and distributed, the supply in excess of the demand being thrown into the river.

"Remember the Boston harbor tea story in the Reader," cried Bob. "At him, boys!"

The order was obeyed with alacrity. Rudely awakened from his drunken sleep the man, howling with pain, struggled to his feet and attempted to seize the pignions, who had turned against the giant—whom strong drink had chained—the weapons which he had brought into their country.

The boys readily eluded his grasp and continued to administer severe if not poetic justice, until they wearied of the sport.

"Now, be off!" ordered Bob.

With a black and scowling face the man complied, and staggered and limped down to the river.

"An' don't come here again sellin' whips to ent up the legs of honest boys," shouted Dick.

"An' don't go blowin' around that I disappointed you," added Bob. "Be sure and come around to dinner. We eat at one sharp, but you needn't show up till a quarter past, bein' as you're in the soup now, and have had fish, and won't relish the two first courses."

Meant the Same Thing.

Poet (invading the sanctum)—Your compositor made an awful mistake in my poem. Instead of "I kissed her under the rose," he set it up "under the nose."

Editor—I don't see the mistake.

Poet—You don't?

Editor—No; you kissed her under the nose when you kissed her under the rose, didn't you? Think it over, my friend.—New York Sun.

moment later a boy of about his own size ran into the street.

"What's the matter, Dick Blye?" he asked.

"Matter! Ma's got one of them patent cat-o'-nine tails, and it stings awful, you just bet it does."

"Where did she get it?"

"Bought it on the way from Laporte 'this mornin' off an old tramp of a fellow who's goin' to make this town. Your mother'll take two, I know she will."

"No, she won't."

"You feel pretty big 'cause your father's here."

"No, I don't. I know this feller. He's down by the river now a eatin' my fish. He's got a whole bundle of 'em. I saw the ends, but didn't catch onto what they were. Hally the gang, Dick, an' he'll peddle his whips some's else."

Dick Blye uttered a creditable imitation of the war-whoop of a dime-novel Indian, and bolted away.

At the verge of the town Bob sat down to await the assembling of his clan.

In ten minutes as many boys, some

of them ragged, some barefooted, but all bubbling over with enthusiasm, had joined their acknowledged leader.

When freckled Clem Warren, the last one expected, had arrived, Bob arose and thus addressed his band:

"A miserable wretch, mean enough to chase a boy out of an orchard, took six fish away from me a spell ago down by the dam."

"No?" came in an incredulous chorus from the band.

"They were small, and inclined to be wormy in the shoulders," broke in Clem Warren. "Fish is fish!"

"That's no difference," broke in Clem Warren. "Fish is fish!"

"This red-handed anarchist is bringing into town a whole passel of whips, regular cat-o'-nine-tails, such as we reads about in the half-dimes, which he's goin' to sell for a quarter apiece, to be used on boys. Dick Blye's mother bought one this mornin'. Roll up yer breeches, Dick."

A murmur of sympathy swept the throng as the lad complied with the order and showed a number of red welts around his fat legs.

"A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," and not one of the spectators but knew that a like fate menaced him unless the whip-peddler could be prevented from making a canvass of the town.

"We'll make him come off the perch," cried one of the sun-fish, to," added Bob, "if he hasn't eat 'em all."

A few minutes later Bob halted some fifty yards away from the spot where a bearded man of immense stature was broiling fish over a small fire.

To all appearances the boy was alone, but his tried and trusty followers were ensconced behind some low bushes near by. In their eagerness to see the monster who dealt in instruments of torture, they were thrusting their heads at the imminent risk of being observed by the enemy.

"Hello!" shouted Bob.

The man started, and dropped the fish he was cooking into the fire.

"Where's your father?" he sneered, after satisfying himself that Bob was unaccompanied.

"He said I had no 'thority to make a date for him."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the man, "why not?"

"I told him what you looked like, an' he allowed you was an old friend of his as he couldn't fight."

"What are you givin' me?"

"He said you once did him a great favor down in Pittsburg."

"Maybe; I'm a liberal man."

"Is your name Racine—Philander Racine?"

"The same."

"Then here's a bottle of Blue Grass whisky that pa sent you, with an invitation to come to dinner. Anybody

declaration that when by accident or weariness the crocodile shuts his mouth on one or more of the birds it or they give him such a raking with beak and spurs that he is glad to open up again without delay. More recent investigations confirm the ancient philosopher, but not the addition by his descendants. The latest disclosures go to show that the trochilus is not often caught in its scaly friend's jaws, but when it is—*c'est fait de lui*. It is in the bird's favor that it is unusually active. Its legs are long, beak short, and for its size very strong. When alone or with others of its kind it is inclined to be quiet, but when the object of its solicitude crawls on a bank of sand to tell in the sun it is wonderfully lively. Leeches in abundance are always clinging to the inside of the crocodile's mouth and tongue, and these trochilus picks off and swallows with gusto. Beyond this it keeps a sharp eye and ear open for intruders, and on the approach of anything unwelcome or strange gives sharp cries that awaken the crocodile, if asleep, giving it opportunity to escape.

Similar instances of the guarding and attending to the physical comforts of ungainly brutes by feathered beauties are common in the African jungles. There the rhinoceros and elephant both have their servants. The rhinoceros has the red-beaked ox-biter (*Buphaga erythrorhynchos*), and the elephant the cattle heron (*Bubulcus ibis*).

The ox-biters belong to the raven family, and in Gordon Cummings' books are said to be the "best friend the rhinoceros has." Ticks are at the bottom of the ap-

parently mysterious affection. Ticks are especially plentiful in the African woods, and notwithstanding the thick hides of the rhinoceros and elephant, they inflict the cracks in the skin of the ponderous animals, causing them much pain and trouble. It is in relieving them of the vermin that the good work of the birds comes in. Ticks to the latter are like pearls of great price, and with their sharp beaks the imbedded ticks' extraction is more easy than difficult. It can be readily understood that in such hot countries wounds and abrasions of an animal's skin would quickly develop into something serious unless nature had provided for a cure and cure, such as is provided

by birds. They also guard the bodies of oxen and horses, keeping them free of flies and other annoying insects. The duties of these birds are not limited to

the pursuit of parasites, but by loud crying give notice of the approach of an enemy. The ox-biter is described as about nine inches long, with thirteen inches spread of wings. The beak is red, the back and feet grayish-brown, the under parts of the body pale yellow, and the eyes and eyelids golden. The cattle heron is also small but snow white, with small, bright yellow eyes and orange beak.

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some trees and lays her eggs. As she sits on them the male plasters up the hole with mud until only the female's beak can protrude. During the process of incubation he feeds her, and at the proper time picks out the mud to permit her exit.

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An Actress' Golden Egg.

"It's been a cold summer," said an actress just in from road duty. "I went out in May with a company that came near dying with the June roses, and that has only struggled through by a dint of hard work. I don't know what would become of me if I hadn't struck a small paying vein."

"It happened like this: I'm very finicky about the way my feet look, and I always keep the buttons sewed on my boots. Some of the other girls don't, chiefly because they're too lazy. Well, every time I got out my thread and wax and buttons they'd come coaxing in with buttonless boots. I'm naturally good-natured, and I said nothing at first, and cheerfully sewed on the buttons, but at last I got tired. 'See here,' I cried, one day when my patience was unusually taxed, 'after this I charge a cent apiece for every button I put on for you lazy people.'"

"Would you believe it, they all took me up, and I had more to do than ever. From buttons I had to set a price and darn their stockings, and then the boys heard I would mend if I got pay and I had all I could do. I charged 10 cents a pair to mend stockings or socks; for 25 cents I would mend and clean a coat or pair of trousers, and pretty soon I found I was earning my board, besides keeping the company respectable."

"It was really funny to see the idleness and tatters that would develop after every pay day. Money was plenty for a while, and my needle had to fly, but when, as often happened, week after week went by with no funds in the treasury, the girls would struggle with their buttons themselves, and the boys would bring me their neckties to turn and ask me to hang it up."

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A CHAPTER ON BIRDS.

SOME INTERESTING MEMBERS OF THE FEATHERED FAMILY.

Fowls that Act as Guardians.—The Ox-biter, the Hornbill, the Cattle Heron and Other Curious Ornithological Specimens.

ERODOTUS, the Greek philosopher, was the first, so far as the archives show, to make any record of any affinity between birds and animals. He lived about 484 B. C., a time sufficiently remote to allow a full corroboration of his assertions, that have been accepted by modern students and observers, to be founded on fact. His writings, as translated, are highly interesting. He seems a little given to the marvelous, but commentators accept him as accurate whenever referring to anything based on personal observation. His episodes are skillfully interwoven, one entertainingly leading to another with the language simple and to the point. So this observing old traveler tells of a curious relationship between the little bird called trochilus—or, by the ornithological card, Hyas aegyptiacus—and the crocodile. After mentioning that all other beasts and birds avoid the saurian monster, Herodotus says:

When the crocodile issues from the water and opens his mouth, which he does most commonly toward the sunset, the trochilus enters his mouth and swallows the leeches which cling to his teeth. The huge beast is so pleased that he never injures the little bird.

Native Egyptians call the bird "zic-zac," and supplement Herodotus with the

declaration that when by accident or weariness the crocodile shuts his mouth on one or more of the birds it or they give him such a raking with beak and spurs that he is glad to open up again without delay. More recent investigations confirm the ancient philosopher, but not the addition by his descendants. The latest disclosures go to show that the trochilus is not often caught in its scaly friend's jaws, but when it is—*c'est fait de lui*. It is in the bird's favor that it is unusually active. Its legs are long, beak short, and for its size very strong. When alone or with others of its kind it is inclined to be quiet, but when the object of its solicitude crawls on a bank of sand to tell in the sun it is wonderfully lively. Leeches in abundance are always clinging to the inside of the crocodile's mouth and tongue, and these trochilus picks off and swallows with gusto. Beyond this it keeps a sharp eye and ear open for intruders, and on the approach of anything unwelcome or strange gives sharp cries that awaken the crocodile, if asleep, giving it opportunity to escape.

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some trees and lays her eggs. As she sits on them the male plasters up the hole with mud until only the female's beak can protrude. During the process of incubation he feeds her, and at the proper time picks out the mud to permit her exit.

One of the curious birds of North America that is a great snake-killer is the piskino, or road runner, or chapparal cock (*Geococcyx californianus*). It is a body of ten inches long, with tail of fourteen inches. Olive green in color, with a long, straight, and sharply curved at the end, and on the head is a crest that is erected at will. The legs are long and powerful, and the feet have four toes, disposed in pairs to the front and back. When finding a snake asleep it places around it a barrier of the small cactus abounding in its section, and then awakes the snake suddenly, and the latter trying to find the passage out is impaled on the cactus thorns. The final result is death.

The chauna (*Chauna chavaria*) of South and Central America is a benefactor to the human race. It is about the size of a common goose, with long legs. The color is brown and gray. Easily domesticated, it enjoys the company of poultry, and is their champion against the winged robbers so plenty in the country it inhabits. It is active and very courageous, and carries its weapons of defense in the shape of spurs on its wings.

the pursuit of parasites, but by loud crying give notice of the approach of an enemy. The ox-biter is described as about nine inches long, with thirteen inches spread of wings. The beak is red, the back and feet grayish-brown, the under parts of the body pale yellow, and the eyes and eyelids golden. The cattle heron is also small but snow white, with small, bright yellow eyes and orange beak.

Another curious African bird that acts, however, more as a guardian for man than animals, is the secretary bird or crane vulture (*Sepiastur secretarius*). It takes the first name from a tuft of feathers, forming a crest and looking like quill pens stuck behind the ear. It stands four feet high, with a beak like a vulture's. Its favorite food is a snake, the venomous kind more than all others, and it is never known to be poisoned from a bite. So vigorously does it wage war against snakes that it is encouraged in every way by the natives. It is capable of being domesticated, and will drive away from the family premises any unwelcome visitors. The hornbill is an another voracious snake eater at home in Africa and Southern Asia. It is a grotesque creature, having a slender body, long neck, head, wing and legs short. The voice is as lacking of music as the bray of a donkey. The beak is the prominent feature, being deep red in color and a foot long. In breeding time the female goes to a hole in

APPEAL TO THE NATION

MISSISSIPPI REPUBLICANS CLAIM THE COUNTRY'S ATTENTION.

Their State Ticket Withdrawn Owing to Fear of Violence—References to Savage and Bloody Deeds of the Bourbons—Fraud Hails Sway.

(Jackson, Miss., special.)

The Republican State Executive Committee met at Jackson, Miss., to consider the withdrawal of General James R. Chalmers from the head of the State ticket. Chalmers was not there, but it is understood that he wrote a letter to the committee declining to make the canvass for Governor. The committee issued the following:

"As Republicans of Mississippi we are compelled to withdraw our State ticket. We knew that our votes would be stolen and our voters driven from the polls, but we hoped that in the larger towns and cities, at least, the semblance of free speech might still remain to us, but our candidates are not safely allowed to discuss or protest. We desired especially to go before the whole people of this State, and challenge the Democrats to a comparison of principles and records."

"Our cause has always been conservative. When the armed revolution of 1875 wrested the State from us Mississippi was the only Southern State unburdened with a State debt. She has a Democratic one to-day. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to each State a republican form of government. Mississippi is governed by a minority, a despotism, and we appeal to our country for redress. The Constitution that we adopted is the only one in the South so satisfactory that it has not been changed. Our laws stand substantially unchanged and unrepented, but we are Republicans and this is our offense."

"That we are not actuated by cowardice in withdrawing from the contest is shown by our past. For fourteen years, ever since the infamous Mississippi plan was adopted, our path has been marked by the blood of our slain. Not only the well-known leaders who bravely died at the head of the column, but the faithful followers known only in the cabins of the lowly. We refer not only to such well-known slaughterers as Kemper and Copiah, Clinton and Carrollton, Wahalak and Vicksburg, Yazoo City and Le Flora, but to the nameless killing by creek and bayou, on highway and byway. These are the Democratic arguments which crush us. We can do no more. We dare no longer carry our tattered and blood-stained Republican flag. We appeal to the nation."

"Is national law and honor but a delusion and a snare? When we rely upon the guarantee of the National Constitution we but lean upon a broken reed? If so, announce the policy boldly, and acquit us of further effort."

Why General J. R. Chalmers Retired from the Canvass.

To the Public:

My idea in advocating the organization of the Republican party and a canvass of Mississippi this year, and in accepting the nomination for Governor, was to prepare for the future and not this election. I knew the Democrats had all the counting machinery of the State, and that there was no earthly chance for our State ticket to be declared elected. But, in view of the certainty of the result, I believed the Democrats would give us a fair chance of being heard in discussion before the people. I wanted to address the white people, and to show to them what Democrats and Democratic papers had said about the worthlessness of the present Democratic administration in Mississippi. I wanted to read to them some editorials from the Appeal about the penitentiary ring and the convicts, and especially to read an editorial from the Avalanche of June 30, 1887, headed "In a Volcanic State," and commenting: "Affairs in Mississippi are a bad way. The control of government is mainly in the hands of corrupt officers, who are growing more desperate daily in their efforts to cling to the high places from which honor has fled and profit, or the love of it, alone remains." Those who can not be bought are kept silent by threats, and threats to which no man, and then carried into effect. So desperate is the case that perjury and open robbery is followed by murder. I hoped that this, with the defalcations of Democratic treasurers all around us, would convince our white people there was a necessity for two parties.

I wanted also to read and comment on the speech of the Hon. J. P. Walker at Meridian, just after Lowry vetoed the convention bill, in which he said: "Do you know that you are living under a Constitution that concentrates the power of the State in the hands of an oligarchy? These things are so, and better so, and better so, my part, think that though his Excellency may deem it 'better to endure the evils we have than fly to others we know not of,' it would be preferable over and over again to fly to any amount of unknown evils than to live under the present autocratic, aristocratic, and damnable oligarchy." I have my scrap-book filled with many such extracts from Democratic authority to show the utter worthlessness and corruption of the present Democratic administration in Mississippi.

Democrats who have heard me in the Second Congressional District know I am thoroughly posted on these matters, and they do not wish me to have an opportunity to express them before the white voters, and to break the force of what I might say they vilified me personally.

The recent killing of negroes had created great excitement, and white men were forming military companies and arming themselves all over the State. To increase this feeling false reports were put out that I had made incendiary appeals to the negroes in my speech at Jackson, and they went so far as basely to say that I related an anecdote to excite the low passions of the negroes toward white women. What I related I said at the time was a story which, when I was a boy, I heard told by Gov. A. G. Brown in his race for Governor against George R. Clayton, when they were discussing the payment of the Union Bank bonds, and the Hon. J. J. Meek, Mayor of Sardis, recollects to have heard the Governor tell the same story in that canvass. It was an unsavory story, but as Gov. Brown told it in the days of slavery, I supposed I could tell it now. He applied it to the Whigs, who assumed more virtue than Democrats in sustaining the honor of the State. I applied it to Democrats who in 1869 and 1873 all over the State, and in 1883 in many counties, united with the Republicans to obtain office, and were now assailing white Republicans for the same thing. For this I have been shamefully slandered all over the State to excite the mob against me, and a few cowardly editors, like Banks of the Columbia Index, have attempted to bring about my assassination.

I went to West Point to speak, and there the Court House, Opera House, and every suitable place to speak was refused to me, and my health was too feeble to speak in the open air.

From Columbus I received a message

from colored leaders begging me not to speak there, as they would be the sufferers, and letters from personal friends, who were Democrats, urging me not to come. On the appeal from the negroes I decided not to go, though I had before that written to my Democratic friends I would come. I afterward learned from Mr. Abram S. Humphreys, a young lawyer of good family, who brought the message to me from the negroes, that when he returned an excited mob was waiting for me at the depot, and that he believed if I had gone I would have been openly shot on the streets or secretly assassinated.

I then went to Okolona to speak, and there again the court house was refused to me, but I rented a public hall from a personal Democrat friend, and gave notice that I would speak the next day. That night the military company searched down to the hotel where I was, with arms, and yelled for Stone, the Democratic candidate for Governor. Next morning abusive handbills were found all over the street reviling me, and urging white men not to listen to me. Early next morning Judge Frazee, the Republican candidate for Attorney General, and I, and a number of Democrats, and informed me that the excitement was intense, and urged me not to speak. I told them I had rented a hall and would go there at the appointed time and speak until I was prevented. Shortly after this Dr. Tindal, a Republican, and Captain Burkitt, a Democrat, called and urged me not to speak. I made the same reply to them. Dr. Tindal answered that no one who knew me would believe that I was personally afraid to speak, but that a row was inevitable, and that not only my white friends but the negroes were in danger, and to strengthen his argument, he said Sheriff and Town Marshal had both left town, and that there was no legal authority to control the mob. I consented not to attempt to speak; but I said if my friends insist on my not speaking in Chickasaw County, which has been among the most peaceful and conservative of the State, I would resign the nomination and go home, and I spoke Judge